

Red Rum

Northstar

F/ Mikey Jarrett Jr., ShaCronz, Shoshot

Ya know say Mikey there 'pon dem case, Northstar
Ah, family, ya done know, ah
For real, we ready for them, we nah ramp
Ah, ah..

Red rum, red rum, dem all have fi run
You don't want no war, boy, don't make me must me gun
Red rum, red rum, dem all have fi run
If a war to watch you know dem all have fi come
Red rum, red rum, dem have fi run

Northstar and the R-Z-A
Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run away!

Aiyo I shot the sheriff but I didn't shoot the deputy
One up before I cocked back the Wu-Tang weaponry
Told him R-Z-A and the North don't play
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run
away!)

Killa Californ-I-A, we get up popping in the lo's,
popping in the tre's
Where it's easiest to get an AK
To the gut, make 'em say "Yup" like Brother J
Point blank with the shank or the stray
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run
away!)

When I exfixiation those who wait
Perpetuate the murder rate, make 'em eat bake
Pull out the shotti like somebody gotta pay
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run
away!)

You want the pain? Here comes the pain
Get ya punk ass blasted, all you bastards get slain
I'm full of Remy, Tanquaray and Alize
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run
away!)

I hit the booth like "kill them with the know
Heads high, it's the return of Death Row"
Lacing up my black boots, Eagle for the fray
(Red rum, red rum, red rum, red rum, run away! Run
away!)

Listen closely, 'til your attention's undivided
Many in the past, tried to do what I did
Like my beef with cheese on it
That B.K. bullshit, yeah we on it
Ya girl, ya wife, but my dick, she's on it
Twirling around it like she's on a pole in a strip club
In the cold on the stroll I got that bitch up
Five hundred to fuck, a penny to get ya dick sucked
Straight paper, hate haters, get ya click up
Cronz done grown a lot, I'm not a player, I sit in the
owner's box
Spit sixteen like I'm roaming glocks
From F.G. to Long Beach, we zip and zone the block

What?

It's all about that bread, watch me stack them chips up
high
Puff that lye 'til I'm so so high
Laid back pushing the six, or the five
Picture me falling short, all them fake dives
I've been known to drop dudes like twice my size
Be in different states with a pretty chick by my side
Chromed out, bet she can't wait to blink out
Clear the place out, look at ya face now
It's the Don so I thought I'd ought to let it be known
Plus take a crack at the throne, I'm holding my own
If it ain't about cash, better watch ya tone
From the East to the West, the zone, and I'm gone

We splash y'all niggaz with the gift of Gods
Knocking down buildings like my nizzle Snoop Dogg
West Coast analyst, we creep through the fog
And it's an everyday thing like a walk through the mall
(run away!)
Northstar up in ya
Murder, murder, death, run away, cuz he couldn't fuck
wit her
I see you moving to the rhythm
Like Martin RunTellThat before you fall victim
The world is filled up, envy and lust
Remy and skunk, that leads to people not giving a fuck

Ya done know say Northstar family (run away!)